

Raphael S. Payne.

above makes a number of beautiful bends, finally encountering on the outskirts of the town a bold promontory and a shining sea, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a dual horsehoof, which was the scene of the pioneer experiment made in America with steam as a motive power for navigating that found achievement in Fulton's boat, "The Clermont." These experiments were made by James Rumsey, and his invention was commended and recognized as a success by President Washington. Government records also show that Rumsey enjoyed the confidence and encouragement through all his vicissitudes of Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and Benjamin Franklin. As far back as the Thirty-Fifth Congress, Senator Alexander Botelet, of Shepherd-

of an old-fashioned Southern breakfast, played at sunrise, when the hostess and her young lady guests waited upon the distinguished candidate and his companions.

Shepherdstown is unique, inasmuch as its characteristics partake rather of Virginia and Maryland than of West Virginia. The customs, manners and domestic tastes all have that flavor which was peculiar to the old regime of Southern life, and is to-day, perhaps, more readily obtain in nowher than actually obtain.

The region about Harrisonburg, which is the very heart of the Shenandoah Valley, is famed for its productive beauty, and is rich in legends and military reminiscences. An interesting and honorable figure of this community was the late

of Jackson and Ashby are romantically cherished. The spot in the famous peach orchard, where the latter met such a gallant death, has been marked by the Virginians with a monument, which tells the wayfarer the story of Southern chivalry in epigrams.

When Hunter made his raid he sent fire to the court records of Rockingham county and destroyed a large number of valuable documents, among which were hundreds of wills and surveys. In consequence of this much important history was lost, and what were established facts in 1861 are to-day traditions.

The inhabitants of the valley between their neighbors east of the Blue Ridge "ucknoons, which is accounted for by the story of an old darkey who purloined

the "shiny places" of Virginia was Weyer's Cave, which is now almost forgotten. An impressive feature is Jefferson's Hall, the lowest level, 200 feet below the surface, with massive formations the most striking of which is the Tower of Babel, eight feet in circumference whose fluted columns are thirty feet high. The walls of the cave are wonderfully tinted. There is a good counter part of the Natural Bridge near Lexington, 100 feet long and twenty feet wide. A slender, pure white stalagmite, thirty-two feet from base to apex, standing alone, is called Cleopatra's Needle. This underground museum has an air of enchantment for those who are versed in physics. There are huge caverns and excite the admiration of the staid water-

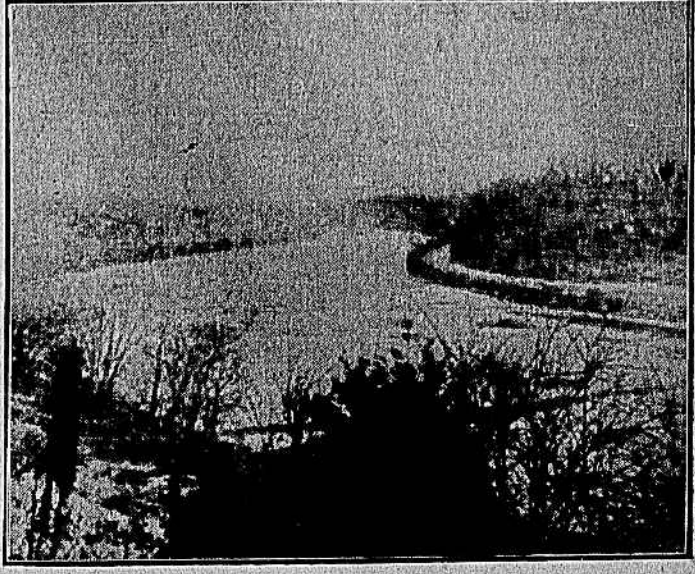
Weyer found his wonderland in close proximity. Jefferson named this cavern after his less illustrious contemporary, President Madison, and alludes to it in his rare little volume, "Notes on Virginia." It supplied one of the sinews of his confederacy, when in large quantities of saltpetre were mined from it for the use of the army.

Visit of Sidney Lanier.

An interesting reminiscence among the local historians is the visit Sidney Lanier made to the valley the year before his death. He spent two months at Rockingham Springs, and while there, wrote his "Song of the Englishman Versa," and captivated the natives with his performances on the flute and his knowledge of

and among the medicinal plants is found the peppermint, which is gathered by the housewives and from which is distilled a fine flavor for home-made candy.

Coming from the turmoil of the city the nature lover is enchanted with the song, plumage and carole of the birds among birch which help to deaden the romantic woodland walks and sequestered bands in the mountain brooks, where the fisherman finds a paradise. In the early morning or after the heat of the day you can see and hear at close range the call of Bob White, the iridescent plover, the field lark, the mocking bird, the bobolink, the wild turkey, the quail, the orange and the whippoorwill. This last, which is common to every section of the valley, is the Jekyll and Hyde of birds—



POTOMAC AND C. & O. CANAL AT SHEPHERDSTOWN
The bluff is the site for the proposed monument to Rumsey.

town, advocated Rumsey's claim and proposed a monument to commemorate his genius. A few years ago Judge Daniel H. Lucas, of Charlestown, delivered an interesting and convincing address on the subject before the Maryland Historical Society, which resulted in a popular movement to erect a suitable memorial on the commanding eminence which overlooks the Maryland shore.

Bryan and Daniel There.

Directly opposite, on West Virginia soil, is situated the beautiful home of Mrs. Henry Shepherd, Jr., which is known as "Bellevue," and brings under the eye a panorama of river and land so rare which breathes the mood of the sky. It was here that Mr. Bryan, Senator John W. Daniel and a party of newspaper correspondents were entertained during the last McKinley campaign. It was an informal function, which consisted simply

Captain J. S. Harnsberger, chief of Stonewall Jackson's couriers in his march up the valley during his retreat from Winchester. Captain Harnsberger was a man of indomitable nature, a truth teller and a gifted storyteller. He had a budget of entertaining anecdotes about the great soldier and strategist, which he told with spirit. His best story was a graphic description of his ride with Jackson from Front Royal to Harrisonburg, Va., a distance of seventy miles. In all that long horseback journey he declared that Jackson, deep in meditation, never uttered a word, not even a question, about the geography of the route.

In every home the beautiful and fruitful valley the memories and portraits

a hoe from a Shenandoah River planter; with which to cultivate his patch of corn. When arrested and taken before the magistrate he made his own plea, in which he solemnly insisted that he did not steal, but took a hoe!

Near the village of Leroy is a dyle of a trap rock about fifty feet broad, from which was quarried a block that was used as an anvil in the blacksmith shop of this old Holbrook of Port Republic. On this crude anvil Holbrook, in 1843, turned out with his till hammer the sickles which Cyrus McCormick used in the construction of his first reaper.

Beauties of Weyer's Cave.

Before the discovery of Luray, one of

man; shields that giants might have thrown away; a miniature range of mountains colored like the pink coral of the sea; in a niche of Plutonian darkness is the figure of a white horse of perfect conformation, which the guide points out as "Ashby's charger." The tones of the organ, the bass drum and other musical instruments are wonderful. A small, pale, child-like mysterious abode is a kindergarten, which represents a group of elf-like children at play, while overhead is an exquisite piece of color which suggests blue skies and sunshine. In the rear of the cavern is a "Mystic Cave," now abandoned, which was discovered and surveyed by Thomas Jefferson in 1782, about twenty years before

Wild flowers and song birds charm the eye and ear at every turn in the valley, and seem to welcome rather than frighten the shy of the intruder. In the rocky places the double wild rose (very rare) blooms in summer, and columbine, hexaneus, the crimson columbine, the sweet pea, the phlox and the yellow broom of Scotland, which Burns has immortalized, are also here in abundance, while the hillsides are embowered with every variety of fern, whose delicate, tree-like fronds nod in the breeze. In the luxuriant meadows and along the limpid tributaries of the Shenandoah, the wild strawberry, the plum, the fox grape, the cherry and crab apple flourish. The cactus of the tropics may also be seen in sunny places,

Geologically, this is one of the most interesting belts of country in America, and abounds with a great variety of mineral waters. At some points there are groups of springs, which contain as many as five and six different solutions, and all within a few feet of each other. The country between Stanton and Lexington is punctuated with springs of lithia, sulphur, iron, magnesia, potash, chalybeate and alum. One of the most remarkable and beautiful flows of water is the White Lithia Spring, on the Fannin estate in Augusta county. The solution is a spring of iron, the solution of which is so potent that if a leaf of a tree is left at the mouth of the spring overnight, by next morning it will be transmuted from vegetable matter to mineral substance.

By Maxim Gorky.

lions. It always so. In great houses dwell small people.
 From afar the city looks like a huge jaw with black, uneven teeth. It belches forth clouds of smoke into the sky and sniffs the air with a snuffing, snuffling and snuffing, snuffing. When you enter it you feel that you have fallen into a stomach of brick and iron which swallows up millions of people, and churns, grinds, and digests them.
 The people walk along the pavements. They hurry madly forward, all hastily driven by the same force that enslaves them. But their faces are calm; their hearts do not feel the misfortune of being slaves; indeed, by a tragic self-conceit, they yet feel themselves free masters. It is not that they are unconsciously independent, but they do not know it is but the sorry independence of the ax in the hands of the woodman, of the hammer in the hands of the blacksmith. This liberty is the tool in the hands of the tyrant Devil-Cat. Inner freedom, freedom of the heart and soul, is not seen in their energetic countenances. This energy without liberty is like the glitter of a new knife which has not yet had time to be duller; it is like the gloss of a new rope.

Unhappy New York.

It is the first time that I have seen such a huge city monster; how, have the people been so thoroughly enslaved to life as in New York. Ad furthermore, nowhere have I seen them so tragically self-satisfied as in this huge phantasmagoria of stone, iron, and glass, this product of the sick and wasted genius of Mercury.

And looking upon this life, I began to think that in the hand of the statue of Barthold there blazes not the

SO.

Nowhere have the people appeared to
more, nowhere have I seen them so true.

In the hand of the statue of Bartholomew.

I have seen poverty a-plenty. But

The first evidence of the absence of
cruelty.

But perhaps the Americans think that

In America they steal money very

The rude vigor of political and social
decayed fragments of dead prejudices.

I regard all discourses on morality as

which it alone can give to the mind and
to the heart. Our art is the heart of
the universe, our art the heart of the
earth. The stronger it beats, the more
beautiful is life. In America the heart
beats feebly.

I was both surprised and pained to
find that in America the theaters were
in the hands of a trust, and that the
men of the trust, being the possessors,
had also become the dictators in mat-
ters of the drama. This evidently ex-
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To turn art into a means of profit is,

ME GORKY MAXIM

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I am never in the least dazzled by the
amount of money a man possesses; but
his lack of honor, of love for his coun-
try, and of concern for its welfare always
fills me with sadness. A man making
his country like a cesspool, or battering
it like a parasite, is a sorry sort of in-
spiration. How pitiful that America,
which they say has full political liberty,
is utterly wanting in liberty of spirit!
When you see with what profound in-
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judge. Emerson was a moralist but I cannot imagine a man who, having read Emerson, will not have his mind cleared of the dust and dirt of worldly prejudices.

Man is by nature curious. I have more than once lifted the lid of the moral vessel, and every time there issued from it such a rank, stifling smell of lies and hypocrisy, cowardice and wickedness, as was quite beyond the power of my nostrils to endure.

I am willing to think that the Americans are the best moralists in the world, and that even my grandpa was a child in comparison. I admit that nowhere else in the world are there to be found such stern priests of ethics and morality, and therefore I leave them alone. But

the good and the bad, develops with greater rapidity than anywhere else.

The children in the streets of New York grow up in filth and dirt.

Playing ball amidst the crash and thunder of iron, amidst the chase of the tumultuous city, they seem like flowers in the desert, with their hands in the dust and dirt of the pavements.

The whole day long they inhale the vapors of the monstrous city, the metropolis of the world, and they grow up with longings, pity for their eyes choked up with dust!

The People's Awakening.

I have seen poverty plentiful, and know well her green, bloodless, haggard countenance.

But I have seen the East Side poverty is sadder than everything that I have known. Children pick out from the garbage boxes the scraps of bones, pieces of rotten bread, and devour it, together with the mold and the dirt, there in the street in the stinging dust, under the chains of their greasy, filthy hung like little dogs.

At midnight and later they are still rolling in the dust and the dirt of the city, the people of the East Side, of wealth, these melancholy blossoms of poverty.

What sort of a fluid runs in their veins? What must be the chemical structure of their brains? For their little rags fed upon dirt; their little stomachs like the garbage boxes from which they pick out their food.

How can they grow up, how can they grow up out of these children of hunger and penury? What citizens?

America, you who stand the world by the ears, you millionaires, look first at the children on the East Side, and consider the menace they hold out to you! The bones of riches when there is an East Side is a stupid bone.

However, there is no evil without a remedy, they say in Russia, country of optimists.

This life of gross accumulation, this idolatry of money, this horrible worship of the dollar, this life of the East Side, this pitiful progress in the country. The pitiful progress in the country.

When You Give Away Your Auto
Senator Knox, in his picturesque manner, while in the forge, recently asked what he thought of the movement in France toward the simplification of legal French—the simplification of the wording of wills, deeds, mortgages, etc.
"I think that this movement is a wise one," said the senator, "but that in English, too, many documents would be better for simplification. Much of our legal phraseology is uselessly prolix and redundant. Why, if you want to deed a man an automobile, instead of writing simply, 'I give you this and that,' it is necessary to write something like this:
"I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, the advantage of and in that automobile, with all its sixty-horse-power engines, cylinders, connecting rods, cushions, race wheels, sliding gear, transmission, three speeds and reverse, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to drive, speed, race or rent the same automobile, or give the same away, with or without its said engines, cylinders, rods, cushions, sliding gear, transmission, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what kind or nature soever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."—Minneapolis Journal.

Minerals in the Transvaal.
Mr. Richard Hosken, a prominent merchant and philanthropist of Africa, in speaking of the trade of that country to the British and South African Export Gazette, said:

Nowhere have the people appeared to me so unfortunate, so thoroughly enslaved to life, as in New York. And, furthermore, nowhere have I seen them so tragically self-satisfied.

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In the hand of the statue of Bartholdi blazes not the torch of liberty, but the dollar.

I have seen poverty a-plenty. But the horror of the East Side poverty is sadder than everything that I have known.

The first evidence of the absence of culture in the American is the interest he takes in all stories and spectacles of cruelty.

But perhaps the Americans think that they are cultured enough? If so, they are easily in error.

In America they steal money very frequently, and lots of it.

The rude vigor of political and social youth is fettered by the rusty chains of the old Puritan morality bound to the decayed fragments of dead prejudices.

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which it alone can give to the mind and to the heart. Our earth is the heart of the universe, our art the heart of the earth. The stronger it beats, the more beautiful is life. In America the heart beats feebly.

It was with surprise and pained to find that in America the theaters were in the hands of a trust, and that the men of the trust, being the possessors, had also become the dictators in matters of the drama. This evidently explained the fact because a country which has excellent novelists has not produced a single eminent dramatist.

To turn art into a means of profit is, under all circumstances, a serious misdeed; and in this particular case it is, because the fact because it offers violence to the author's person and mutilates art.

The theater is called the people's school; it teaches us to feel and to think.

But, perhaps, the Americans think that it teaches enough? If so, they are early in error.

I am never in the least dazzled by the amount of money a man possesses; but his lack of honor, of love for his country, and of concern for its welfare are what make me regard him as making his country like a cow, or batten on it like a parasite, is a sorry sort of inspiration. How pitiful that America, which they say has full political liberty, is utterly wanting in liberty of spirit. When you see with the millions are regarded here you involuntarily begin to suspect the democracy of the country. Democracy and so many kings. Democracy and a "Higher Society." All this is strange and incomprehensible.

With all the numerous tendencies to develop, the rapidity and energy possible only in America, will ultimately call forth to life its enemy, revolutionary war. The process will be carried out rapidly and as energetically. But while the process of swallowing up individuals by capital, and of the organization of the masses, is going on, the country will have many stomachs and heads, many hearts

Judge Emerson was a moralist but I cannot imagine a man who, having read Emerson, will have his mind cleared of the dust and dirt of worldly pretences.

Man is by nature curious. I have more curiosity than life. I am a moral vessel, and every time there issued from me such a rank, stifling smell of lies and hypocrisy, cowardice and wickedness, as would outweight and the power of my nostrils to endure.

I am willing to think that the Americans are the best moralists in the world, but I never read a moralist in comparison. I admit that nowhere else in the world are there to be found such stern priests of ethics and morality as in America. I leave them alone. I judge by a word about the practical side.

America prides itself on its morals, and on the sanctity of its laws. I judge, confidently presuming that it has worked out in its social relations a system of conduct worthy of imitation. I believe this is a mistake.

Affecting American Society.

The Americans run the risk of making

A Lack of Culture.

The first evidence of the absence of culture in the American is the interest he takes in crime stories and spectacles of cruelty. To a cultured man, a humanist, blood is loathsome. Murder by execution and other abominations of a like character arouse his disgust. In America such things call forth only curiosity. The newspapers are filled with detailed descriptions of murders and all

and minds.
Speaking of the national spirit, I must
add a word of the morality of the nation.
That side of life has always been a poser
to me. I cannot understand it; and when
people speak seriously about it I cannot
help but smile. At best, a moralist to
me is a man to whom I wink from the
corner of my eye, and, drawing him
aside, whisper in his ear:
"Ah, you rascal! It isn't that I am
a skeptic, but I know the world; I know
it to my sorrow."
As to Morality,

themselves ridiculous if they begin to pride themselves on their society. There is nothing whatever original about it; the depravity of the higher classes of Europe is as common a thing in Europe, if the Americans permit the development of a "higher society" in their country, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that depravity also grows apace. And that no work passes without social indignation in this society is no cause for pride in the originality of American morals. You can find all these things in Europe also.

kinds of horrors. The tone of the description is cold, the hard tone of an attentive observer; it is not sympathetic. And the writer ticks the weary nerves of the reader with sharp, pungent details of crime, and no attempt is ever made to explain the social basis of the facts.

To no one seems to occur the simple thought that a society is evil, if its members are criminals, it only signifies that the system of bringing up the people in that family is badly managed.

I will not dwell on the question of the attitude of the white man toward the negro. But it is very characteristic of the American psychology that Booker T. Washington notices the following sermon in his race:

"You ought to be as rich and as clean outwardly as the whites; only then will they recognize you as their equals." This, in fact, is the substance of his teachings to his people.

And the white man only think of how to make money. Poor country, whose people are occupied only with the thought of how to get rich!

The most desperate moralist I have come across was my grandfather. He knew all the roads to heaven, and constantly preached about them to every one who came into his hands. He never knew the truth. He knew to a dot that thing that God wanted, and he used to teach even the dogs and cats how to conduct themselves in order to attain eternal happiness. But, with all that he was greedy and malicious—he beat his domestics, on every spare and suitable opportunity, with whatever and however he pleased.

I tried to influence my grandfather, wishing to make him milder. Once I told him that I was a Unitarian. At another time I struck him with a looking-glass. The window and the looking-glass broke, but grandpa did not get any wiser. He said, "Sing, Sing, Sing!" At times I regard all discourses on morality as a useless waste of time. And, moreover, I have never been able to catch a personal sinner, like any other writers, what can I say about morality?

Poor Grandpa Ellipsoid.

I wish it to be understood that in this speaking of moralists, I do not mean those who think, but only those who

I must get attention for my very frequent, and lots of it. This, of course, is but natural. Where there is a great deal of money there are a great many thieves. The more they steal without money is as difficult as to imagine an honest man with money. But that again is a phenomenon common to all countries.

Horror of the Eastside.

A magnificent Broadway, but a horrible East Side. What an irreconcilable contradiction, what a tragedy! The street of wealth must perforce give rise to harsh and storm laws devised by the Yellow Devil, for a war upon poverty and the White Chapel of New York. The poverty and the vice of the East Side do not speak of envy; I speak of the development of envy, malice and vengeance, of that, in a word, which is the spirit of the anti-social being. These two irreconcilable currents, the psychology of the rich and the feeling of the poor, threaten us with a series of catastrophes to be called tragedies and catastrophes.

America is possessed of a great store

Compared to Europe.

And so we see millionaires and clergymen declaring themselves socialists, and publishing newspapers in their periodicals for the propagation of socialism. The creation of "settlements" by the rich intellectuals, their abandonment of the luxuries of life, their migration to the wilds of the East Side—all this is evidence of an awakening spirit; it heralds the gradual rise in America of a new people, who will begin to understand that the slavery of gold and the slavery of poverty are both equally degrading.

The important thing is that the people have begun to think.

After all that I have said, I am involved in some way to make a parallel between Europe and America. On that side of the ocean there is much beauty, much liberty of the spirit, much healthfulness to the mind. There art always shines like the sky at night with the living sparkle of the imperishable stars. On this side the light of humanity, the ruler of political and social wrongs is fettered by the rusty chains of the old Puritan morality, which has decayed fragments of dead prejudices.

Looks for a Conflagration.

Europe shows evidence of moral decrepitude, and as a consequence of this, she suffers from many troubles. Her spiritual suffering has produced an aristocratic apathy. It has made her long for peace, and she has never known the pain of the disabled spirit; she has never felt the aches of the mind. Discontent has not been born in her bosom, and she knows not that when America will turn her energy to the quest of liberty of the spirit, the world will witness a conflagration which will cleanse this country from the dirt of gold, and from the dust of prejudice, and it will shine like a

to be found and discovery has only just begun. Some early shipments of tin and lead have been made during the past month, and copper will also be an item of export. Tin from the bushveld has panned out remarkably rich at the surface, and the beginnings of a big industry are being made. Many new works will presently be erected in connection with tin alone, and large quantities of the ore will be purchased at the great deposits of ore are to be adequately mined. Then, too, I know of no richer lead lodes than those of the Transvaal; our deposits of the purest china clay go to exportation; and we possess vast quantities of material on which to found an asbestos industry. The country is so highly mineralized, in fact, that its enormous possibilities cannot at present be realized.

Were Good Ones.

Rear Admiral Butler, on his way to the Atlantic City Hotel, said to the waiter brought him little-neck clams that he was sorry the oyster season was over, according to *The Philadelphia Telegraph*.

"I prefer oysters to clams, but of course," he said, "I obey to the rule of 'R' strictly, and from the beginning of the month to the end of August I never touch an oyster."

"No wise waiter will eat an oyster after May 1st."

"One afternoon at about this time in the month of May a man entered a restaurant, and the waiter recommended the oysters to him."

"Oysters?" he said. "But oysters are not considered good in this month."

"I know it, sir," answered the waiter, but these are left over from last month."

—Exchange.

The Treadmill of Toil.

The tempestuous turmoil of life on the water at the foot of the Statue of Liberty, and in the vicinity of the shore, staggers and fills one with a sense of impotence. Everywhere, like antediluvian monsters, huge, heavy steamers plow the waters of the ocean; little boats and cutters scurry about them, and flocks of birds of prey, Turkey vultures, seem endowed with nervous life, and consciousness.

And it seems as if all the iron, all the stones, the wood and water, and even the people themselves, are full of this life devoid of joy, sad and joy; this life in the captivity of hard toil. Everywhere in toil, everything is caught up in its whirlwind, everybody obeys the will of some mysterious power hostile to man, and unreasoning machine, in which may be seen no insignificant screw!

I love energy. I adore it. But not when men expend this creative force of theirs for their own narrow ends. There is too much labor and effort, and no life in it, and no joy, in all this busy world we see around us the work of the mind which has made of human beings of clay, a senseless treadmill of labor, but nowhere do we feel the strength of free creation, the disinterested work of imagination, which beautifies life with imperishable flowers of life-giving art.

Independence a Phantom.

Far out on the shore silent in dark "skyscrapers" are outlined against the fog—Rectangular, with no air, they are beautiful, these gilded pillars rise up morose in the window of these prisons there are no flows, and no children are anywhere seen, these structures elevate the price of life, heights is lofty as their tops, but whose foundation is laid on the solid ground?

Liberty, but the dollar.

The large number of monuments in city parks testifies to the fact which its inhabitants prize above all others. These parks covered with a veil of dirt involuntarily force one to put a low estimate upon the gratitude felt by the Americans toward all those who lived and died for the good of their country. The mammoth fortunes of Morgan and Rockefeller, wipe out from memory the significance of the creators of liberty—Lincoln and Washington.

"This is a new library they are building," said some one to me pointing to an unfinished structure surrounded by a plain pavement of granite, which cost two million dollars! The shelves will measure one hundred and fifty miles!

Another gentleman told me, as he pointed out a painting to me: "It is worth five hundred dollars."

That Theatrical Trust.

I meet here very few people who have a clear conception of the intrinsic worth of art, its religious significance, the power it exerts in influence over the soul, and its indispensableness to mankind.

It seems to me that what is superlatively lacking to America is a desire for beauty, a thirst for those pleasures

LOW RATE WEEK-END EXCURSIONS TO NEW JERSEY SEASHORE RE- SORTS.—R. F. & P. R. R.

Commencing September 1st, until September 8th—Inclusive, the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad will stop on Friday and Saturday of each week special excursion tickets to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Ben's Isle Beach, Wildwood, N. J., at the rate of \$10.00 round trip from Richmond. Tickets good going only on date of sale and for return passage leaving destination not later than Tuesday following date of issue. Apply to ticket agent or to R. F. & P. R. R.

**W. F. TAYLOR,
Traffic Manager.**